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George W. Ellis.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POPULAR TALES.

THE IRON SHROUD.

A TALE OF ITALY.

THE castle of the Prince of Tolfi was built on the summit of the towering and precipitous rock of Scylla, and commanded a magnificent view of Sicily in all its grandeur. Here, during the wars of the middle ages, when the fertile plains of Italy were devastated by hostile factions, those prisoners were confined, for whose ransom a costly price was demanded. Here, too, in a dungeon, excavated deep in the solid rock, the miserable victim was immured, whom revenge pursued,—the dark, fierce and unquenching revenge of an Italian heart.

Vivenzio—the noble and the generous, the fearless in battle, and the pride of Naples in her sunny hours of peace—the young, the brave, the proud Vivenzio, fell beneath the subtle and remorseless spirit. He was the prisoner of Tolfi, and languished in that rock-encircled dungeon, which stood alone, and whose portals never opened twice upon a living captive.

It had the semblance of a vast cage; for the roof & floor & sides were of iron, solidly wrought and spaciouly constructed. High above there ran a range of seven grated windows, guarded with massive bars of the metal, which admitted light and air. Save these, and the tall folding doors beneath them, which occupied the centre, no chink, or chasm, or projection, broke the smooth black surface of the walls. An iron bedstead, littered with straw, stood in the corner; and beside it a vessel with water, and a coarse dish filled with coarser food.

Even the intrepid spirit of Vivenzio shrank with dismay as he entered this abode, and heard the ponderous doors triple-locked by the silent ruffians who conducted him to it. Their silence seemed prophetic of his fate, of the living grave that had been prepared for him. His menaces and entreaties, his indignant appeals for justice, and his impatient questioning of their intentions, were alike vain. They listened, but spoke not. Fit ministers of a crime that should have no tongue.

How dismal was the sound of their retreating steps! And as their faint echoes died along the winding passages, a fearful presage grew within him, that never more the face, or voice, or tread of man would greet his senses. He had seen human beings for the last time! And he had looked his last upon the bright sky, and upon the smiling earth, and upon a beautiful world beloved, and whose minion he had been! Here he was to end his life—a life he had just begun to revel in! And by what means? By secret poison? Or by murderous assault? No—for then it would have been needless to bring him thither. Famine perhaps—a thousand deaths in one! It was terrible to think of it—but it was yet more terrible to picture long, long years of captivity, in a solitude so appalling, a loneliness so dreary, that thought for want of fellowship, would lose itself in madness, or stagnate into idiocy.

He could not hope to escape, unless he had the power with his bare hands, of rending asunder the solid iron walls of his prison. He could not hope for liberty from the relenting mercies of his enemy. His instant death, under any form of refined cruelty, was not the object of Tolfi, for he might have inflicted it, and had not. It was too evident, therefore, he was reserved for some premeditated scheme of subtle vengeance; and what vengeance could transcend in fiendish malice, either the slow death of famine, or the still slower one of solitary incarceration, till the last lingering spark of life expired, or till reason fled, and nothing should remain to perish but the brute functions of the body.

It was evening when Vivenzio entered his dungeon, and the approaching shades of night wrapped it in total darkness, as he paced up and down revolving in his mind these horrible forebodings. No tolling bell from the castle or from any neighboring church or convent, struck his ears to tell how the hours passed. Frequently he would stop and listen for some sound that might betoken the vicinity of man; but the solitude of the desert, the silence of the tomb, are not so still and deep as the oppressive desolation by which he was encompassed. His heart sunk within him, and he threw himself dejectedly upon his couch of straw. Here sleep gradually obliterated the consciousness of misery, and bland dreams waded his delighted spirit to scenes which were once glowing realities for him, in whose ravishing illusions he soon lost the remembrance that he was Tolfi's prisoner.

When he awoke, it was daylight, but how long he had slept he knew not. It might be early morning, or it might be sultry noon, for he could measure time by no other note of its progress than light and darkness. He had been so happy in his sleep, amid friends who loved him, and the sweeter endearments of those who loved him as friends could not, that in the first moments of his waking, his startled mind seemed to admit the knowledge of his situation, as if it had burst upon him for the first time, fresh in all its appalling

horrors. He gazed round with an air of doubt and amazement, and took up a handful of the straw upon which he lay, as though he would ask himself what it meant. But memory, too faithful to her office, soon unveiled the melancholy past, while reason, shuddering at the task, flashed before his eyes the tremendous future. The contrast overpowered him. He remained for some time lamenting, like a truth, the bright visions that had vanished, and recoiling from the present, which clung to him like a poisoned garment.

When he grew more calm he surveyed his gloomy dungeon. Alas! the stronger light of day only served to confirm what the gloomy indistinctness of the preceding evening had partially disclosed, the utter impossibility to escape. As, however, his eyes wandered round and round, and from place to place, he noticed two circumstances which excited his surprise and curiosity. The one, he thought might be fancy; but the other was positive. His pitcher of water, and the dish which contained his food, had been removed from his side while he slept, and now stood near the door. Were he even inclined to doubt this, by supposing he had mistaken the spot where he saw them over night, he could not, for the pitcher now in his dungeon was neither of the same form nor color as the other, while the food was changed for some of a better quality. He had been visited, therefore, during the night. But how had the person obtained entrance? Could he have slept so soundly, that the unlocking and opening of those ponderous portals were effected without waking him? He would have said this was not possible, but that in doing so, he must admit a greater difficulty, an entrance by other means, of which he was convinced there existed none. It was not intended then, that he should be left to perish from hunger. But the secret and mysterious mode of supplying him with food, seemed to indicate he was to have no opportunity of communicating with a human being.

The other circumstance which had attracted his notice, was the disappearance, as he believed, of one of the seven grated windows that ran along the top of his prison. He felt confident that he had observed and counted them; for he was rather surprised at their number, and there was something peculiar in their form, as well as in the manner of their arrangement, at equal distances. It was so much easier, to suppose he was mistaken, than that a portion of the solid iron, which formed the walls, could have escaped from its position, that he soon dismissed the thought from his mind.

Vivenzio partook of the food that was brought him, without apprehension. It might be poisoned; but if it were, he knew he could not escape death, should such be the design of Tolfi; and the quickest death would be the speediest release. The day passed wearily and gloomily; though not without a faint hope that, by keeping watch at night, he might observe when the person came again to bring him food, which he supposed he would do in the same way as before. The mere thought of being approached by a living creature, and the opportunity it would present of learning the doom prepared, or preparing for him, imparted some comfort. Besides, if he came alone, might he not in a furious onset overpower him? Or he might be accessible to pity, or the influence of such munificent rewards as he could bestow, if once more at liberty and master of himself. Say he was armed, the worst that could befall, if no bribes, nor prayers, nor force prevailed was a faithful blow, which though dealt in a damned cause, might work a desired end. There was no chance so desperate, but it looked lovely in Vivenzio's eyes, compared with the idea of being totally abandoned.

The night came—Vivenzio watched. Morning came, and Vivenzio was confounded! He must have slumbered without knowing it. Sleep must have stolen over him when exhausted by fatigue, and in that interval of feverish repose, he had been baffled; for there stood his replenished pitcher of water, and there his day's meal! Nor was that all. Casting his looks towards the windows of his dungeon, he counted but five! Here was no deception, and he was now convinced there had been none the day before. But what did all this portend? Into what strange and mysterious den had he been cast? He gazed till his eyes ached; he could discover nothing to explain the mystery. That it was so, he knew. Why it was so, he racked his imagination in vain to conjecture. He examined the doors. A single circumstance convinced him they had not been opened.

A wisp of straw, which he had carelessly thrown against them the preceding day, as he passed to and fro, remained where he had cast it, though it must have been displaced by the slightest evocation of the doors. This was evidence that could not be disputed; and it followed that there must be some secret machinery in the walls by which a person could enter. He inspected them closely. They appeared to him one solid and compact mass of iron; or joined, if joined they were, with such nice art that no mark of division was perceptible. Again and again he surveyed them—and the floor—and the roof—and the range of the visionary windows, as he was now almost tempted to consider them; he could discover nothing to relieve his doubts, or satisfy his curiosity. Sometimes he fancied that altogether the dungeon had a more contracted appearance—that it looked smaller; but this he ascribed to fancy, and the impression naturally produced upon his mind by the undeniable disappearance of two of the windows.

With intense anxiety, Vivenzio looked forward to the return of night; and as it approached, he resolved that treacherous sleep should not again betray him. Instead of seeking his bed of

straw, he continued to walk up and down his dungeon till daylight, straining his eyes in every direction through the darkness, to watch for any appearance that might explain these mysteries. While thus engaged, and as near as he could judge, (by the time that afterwards elapsed before the morning came in) about two o'clock, there was a slight tremulous motion of the floor. He stopped. The motion lasted nearly a minute; but it was so extremely gentle, that he almost doubted whether it was real or imaginary. He listened. Not a sound could be heard. Presently, however, he felt a rush of cold air blow upon him; and dashing towards the quarter whence it seemed to proceed, he stumbled over something which he judged to be the water ewer. The rush of cold air was no longer perceptible;—and as Vivenzio stretched out his hands he found himself close to the walls. He remained motionless for a considerable time; but nothing excited during the remainder of the night to occupy his attention, though he continued to watch with unabated vigilance.

The first approaches of the morning were visible through the grated windows, breaking, with faint divisions of light, the darkness that still pervaded every other part, long before Vivenzio was enabled to distinguish any object in his dungeon. Instinctively and fearfully he turned his eyes, hot and inflamed with watching, towards them. There were four! He could see only four; but it might be that some intervening object prevented the fifth from becoming perceptible; and he waited impatiently to ascertain if it were so. As the light strengthened, however, and penetrated every corner of the cell, other objects of amazement struck his sight. On the ground lay the broken fragments of the pitcher he had used the day before, and at a small distance from them, nearer to the wall, stood the one he had used the first night. It was filled with water, and beside it was his food. He was now certain, that, by some mechanical contrivance, an opening was obtained through the iron wall and that through this opening the current of air had found entrance. But how noiseless! For had a feather almost waved at the time, he must have heard it. Again he examined that part of the wall, but both to sight and touch it appeared one even and uniform surface, while to repeated and violent blows, there was no reverberating sound indicative of hollowess.

This perplexing mystery had for a time withdrawn his thoughts from the windows; but now, directing his eyes again towards them, he saw that the fifth had disappeared in the same manner as the preceding two, without the least distinguishable alteration of external appearances. The remaining four looked as the seven had originally looked; that is, occupying at irregular distances, the top of the wall on that side of the dungeon. The tall, folding door too, seemed to stand beneath, in the centre of these four, as it had at first stood in the centre of the seven. But he could no longer doubt, what on the preceding day, he fancied might be the effect of visual deception. The dungeon was smaller—the roof had lowered—and the opposite ends had contracted the immediate distance by a space equal, he thought, to that over which the three windows had extended. He was bewildered in vain imaginings to account for these things. Some frightful purpose—some devilish torture of mind and body—some unheard-of device for producing exquisite misery, lurked he was sure, in what had taken place. Oppressed with this belief, and distracted more by the uncertainty of whatever fate impended, than he could be dismayed, he thought by the knowledge of the worst, he sat ruminating, hour after hour, yielding his fears in succession to every haggard fancy. At last a horrible suspicion suddenly flashed across his mind, and he started up with a frantic air. 'Yes!' he exclaimed, looking wildly around his dungeon, and shuddering as he spoke—'Yes! it must be so—I see it! I feel the maddening truth like scorching flames upon my brain! Eternal God!—support me! It must be so—Yes, yes, that is to be my fate! You roof will descend! these walls will meet me round—and slowly, slowly, crush me in their iron arms! Lord God! look down upon me, and in mercy strike me with instant death! Oh, fiend—oh, devil—is this your revenge. He dashed himself upon the ground in agony;—tears burst from him, and the sweat stood in large drops upon his face—he sobbed aloud—he tore his hair—he rolled about like one suffering intolerable anguish of body, and would have bitten the iron floor beneath him; he breathed fearful curses upon Tolfi, and the next moment passionate prayers to heaven for immediate death.

Then the violence of his grief became exhausted, and he lay still, weeping as a child would weep. The twilight of departing day shed its gloom around him ere he arose from that posture of utter and hopeless sorrow. He had taken no food. Not one drop of water had cooled the fever of his parched lips. Sleep had not visited his eyes for six and thirty hours. He was faint with hunger; weary with watching, and with the excess of his emotions. He tasted of his food; he drank with avidity of the water; and feeling like a drunken man to his straw, cast himself upon it to brood again over the appalling image that fastened itself upon his almost frenzied thoughts.

He slept. But his slumbers were not tranquil. He resisted, as long as he could, their approach, and when at last, enfeebled nature yielded to their influence, he found no oblivion from his cares. Terrible dreams haunted him—gastly visions harrowed up his imagination—he shouted and screamed, as if he already felt the dungeon's ponderous roof descending on him—he breathed hard and thick, as though writhing between its iron walls. Then would he spring up—start wildly about him—stretch forth his hands to be sure he had space enough to live—and muttering

some incoherent words, sink down again, to pass through the same fierce vicissitudes of delirious sleep.

The morning of the fourth day dawned upon Vivenzio. But it was high noon before his mind shook off its stupor, or he awoke to a full consciousness of his situation. And what a fixed energy of despair sat upon his pale features, as he cast his eyes upwards, and gazed upon the three windows that now alone remained! The three—there was no more! and they seemed to number his allotted days. Slowly and calmly he next surveyed the top and sides, and comprehended all the meaning of the diminishing height of the former, as well as the gradual approximation of the latter. The contracted dimensions of his prison were now to gross and palpable to be the juggle of his heated imagination. Still lost in wonder at the means, Vivenzio could put no cheat upon his reason, as to the end. By what horrible ingenuity it was contrived, that walls and roof, and windows, should thus silently and imperceptibly, without noise, and without motion almost, fold as it were, within each other, he knew not. It only did so; and he vainly strove to persuade himself that it was the intention of the contriver to rack the miserable wretch who might be immured there, with anticipation, merely of a fate, from which in the very crisis of his agony, he was to be relieved.

Gladly would he have clung even to this possibility, if his heart would have let him; but he felt a dreadful assurance of its fallacy. And what matchless inhumanity it was to doom the sufferer to such lingering torments—to lead him day by day to so appalling a death, unsupported by the consolations of religion, unvisited by any human being, abandoned to himself, deserted of all, and denied even the sad privilege of knowing that his cruel destiny would awaken pity! Alone he was to perish!—alone he was to await a slow coming torture, whose most exquisite pangs would be inflicted by that very solitary and that tardy coming!

'It is not death I fear,' he exclaimed, 'but the death I must prepare for! Methinks, too, I could meet even that—all horrible and revolting as it is, if it might overtake me now. But where shall I find fortitude to carry till it comes! How can I outlive the three long days and nights I have to live. There is no power within me to bid the hideous spectre hence—none to make it familiar to my thoughts; or myself patient of its errand. My thoughts, rather, will flee from me, and I grow mad in looking at it. Oh! for a deep sleep to fall upon me! That so in death's likeness I might embrace death itself, and drink no more of the cup that is presented to me, than my fainting spirit has already tasted!

In the midst of these lamentations, Vivenzio noticed that his accustomed meal, with the pitcher of water, had been conveyed as before, into his dungeon. But this circumstance no longer excited his surprise. His mind was overwhelmed with many others of far greater magnitude. It suggested, however, a feeble hope of deliverance; and there is no hope so feeble, as to yield some support to a heart bending under despair. He resolved to watch, during the ensuing night, for the signs he had before observed! and should he again feel the gentle and tremulous motion of the floor, or the current of air, to seize that moment for giving audible expression of his misery. Some person must be near him, and within the reach of his voice, at the instant when his food was supplied; some one, perhaps, susceptible of pity. Or if not, to be told even that his apprehensions were just, and that his fate was to be what he foreboded, would be preferable to a suspense which hung upon the possibility of his worst fears being visionary.

The night came; and as the hour approached when Vivenzio imagined he might expect the signs, he stood fixed and silent as a statue. He feared to breathe, almost, lest he should lose any sound which would warn him of their coming. While thus listening with every faculty of mind and body strained to an agony of attention, it occurred to him he should be more sensibly probably, if he stretched himself on the iron floor. He accordingly laid himself softly down, and had not been long in that position when—yes—he was certain of it—the floor moved under him! He sprang up, and in a voice suffocated nearly with emotion, called aloud. He paused,—the motion ceased—he felt no stream of air—all hushed—no voice answered to his—burst into tears; and as he sunk to the ground, in renewed anguish, exclaimed,—'Oh, my God! my God! You alone have power to save me now, or strengthen me for the trial you permit.'

Another morning dawned upon the wretched captive, and the fatal index of his doom met his eyes. Two windows!—and two days—and all would be over! Fresh food—fresh water!—The mysterious visit had been paid, though he had implored it in vain. But how awfully was his prayer answered in what he now saw! The roof of the dungeon was within a foot of his head. The two ends were so near, that in six paces he trod the distance between them. Vivenzio shuddered as he gazed, as his steps traversed the narrow area. But his feelings no longer vented themselves in frantic wailings. With folded arms and clenched teeth, with eyes that were blood shot from much watching, and fixed with a hard quick breathing, and a hurried walk, he strode backwards and forwards in silent musings for several hours. What mind shall conceive, what tongue utter, or what pen describe the dark and terrible character of his thoughts! Like the fate that moulded them, they had no similitude in the wild range of the world's agony for man. Suddenly he stopped, and his eye was riveted upon that part of the wall which was over his bed of straw. Words are inscribed here! A human language traced by a human hand! He rushed

towards them: but his blood freezes as he reads: 'I, Ludovico Sforza, tempted by the gold of the Prince Tolfi, spent three years in contriving and executing this accursed triumph of my art. When it was completed, the perfidious Tolfi, more devil than man, who conducted me, either one morning, to be witness, as he said, of its perfection, doomed me to be the first victim of my own perfidious skill;—lest as he declared, I should divulge the secret, or repeat the effort of my ingenuity. May God pardon him, as I hope he will me, that ministered to his unhallowed purpose! Miserable wretch whose thou art, that readest these lines, fall on thy knees, and invoke as I have done, His sustaining mercy, who can alone nerve thee to meet the vengeance of Tolfi, armed with his tremendous engine, which in a few hours must crush you, as it will the needy wretch who made it.'

A deep groan burst from Vivenzio. He stood, like one transfixed, with dilated eyes, expanded nostrils, and quivering lips, gazing at the fatal inscription. It was as if a voice from the sepulchre had sounded in his ears, 'Prepare!' Hope forsook him. There was his sentence, recorded in those dismal words. The future stood unveiled before him, ghastly and appalling. His brain already feels the descending horror,—his bones seem to crack and crumble in the mighty walls! Unknowing what it is he does, he fumbles in his garment for some weapon of self destruction. He clenches his throat in his convulsive gripe, as though he would strangle himself at once. He stares upon the walls, and his warring spirit demands, 'Will they not anticipate their office if I dash my head against them?' An hysterical laugh chokes him as he exclaims, 'why should I? He was but a man who died first in their fierce embrace; and I should be less than man not to do as much!'

The evening sun was descending, and Vivenzio beheld his golden beams streaming through one of the windows. What a thrill of joy shot through his soul at the sight! It was a precious link, that united him for a moment with the world beyond. There was ecstasy in the thought. As he gazed, long and earnestly, it seemed as if the windows had lowered sufficiently for him to reach them. With one bound he was beneath them—with one wild spring he clung to the bars. Whether it was so contrived, purposely to madden with delight the wretch who looked, he knew not; but at the extremity of a long vista, cut through the solid rocks, the ocean, the sky, the setting sun, olive groves, shady walks, and in the farthest distance, delicious glimpses of magnificent Sicily, burst upon his sight. How exquisite was the cool breeze as it swept across his cheek, loaded with fragrance! He inhaled it as though it were the breath of continued life. And there was a freshness in the landscape, and in the rippling of the calm green sea, that fell upon his writhing heart like the dew upon the parched earth. How he gazed and panted, and still clung to his hold; sometimes hanging by one hand and sometimes by the other, and then grasping the bars with both, as if loth to quit the smiling paradise outstretching before him; till exhausted, and his hands swollen and benumbed, he dropped helpless down, and lay stunned for a considerable time by the fall.

When he recovered, the glorious vision had vanished. He was in darkness. He doubted whether it was not a dream that had passed before his sleeping fancy; but gradually his scattered thoughts returned, and with them came remembrance. Yes! he looked once again upon the gorgeous splendor of nature! Once again his eyes had rambled beneath their veiled lids, at the sun's radiance, and sought repose in the soft verdure of the olive tree, or the gentle swell of undulating leaves. Oh, that he was a mariner, exposed upon those waves to the worst fury of the storm and tempest, or a very wretch, loathsome with disease, plague-stricken, and his body one leprous contagion from crown to sole, hunted forth to gasp out the remnant of infectious life beneath those verdant trees, so he might shun the destiny upon which he tottered!

Vain thoughts would steal over his mind from time to time, in spite of himself; but it scarcely moved it from the stupor into which it had sunk, and which had kept him during the night, like one who had been drugged with opium. He was equally insensible to the calls of hunger and thirst, though the third day was now commencing since even a drop of water had passed his lips. He remained on the ground sometimes sitting, sometimes lying; at intervals, sleeping heavily; and when not sleeping, silently brooding over what was to come, or talking aloud, in disordered speech, of his wrongs, of his friends, of his home, and of those he loved, with a confused mingling of all.

In this pitiable condition, the sixth and last morning dawned upon Vivenzio, if dawn it might be called—the dim obscure light which faintly struggled through the one solitary window of his dungeon. He could hardly be said to notice the melancholy token. And yet he did notice it; for as he raised his eyes and saw the portentous sign, there was a slight convulsive distortion of the countenance. But what did attract his notice and at the sight of which his agitation was excessive, was the change his iron bed had undergone. It was a bed no longer. It stood before him the visible semblance of a funeral couch or bier! When he beheld this, he started from the ground; and, in raising himself, suddenly struck his head against the roof, which was now so low that he could no longer stand upright.—'God's will be done!' was all he said, as he crouched his body, and placed his hand upon the bier; for such it was. The iron bedstead had been so contrived, by the mechanical art of Ludovico Sforza, that as the advancing walls came in contact with his head and feet, a pressure was

produced on concealed springs, which, when made to play, set in motion a very simple though ingeniously contrived machinery, that effected a transformation. The object was, of course, to heighten, in the closing scene of this horrible drama, all the feelings of despair and anguish which the preceding ones had aroused. For the same reason, the last window was so made as to admit only a shadowy kind of gloom rather than light, that the wretched captive might be surrounded as it were, with every seeming preparation for approaching death.

Vivencio seated himself on the bed. Then he knelt and prayed fervently; and sometimes tears would gush from him. The air seemed thick, and he breathed with difficulty, as if he feared that he was, from the hot and narrow limits of his dungeon, which were now so diminished that he could neither stand up nor lie down at his full length. But his wasted spirit and oppressed mind no longer struggled within him. He was past hope, and fear shook him no more. Happy if thus revenge had struck its blow; for he would have fallen beneath it almost unconscious of pain. But such a lethargy of the soul, after such an excitement of the passions, had entered into the diabolical calculations of "Polka"; and the tell artifice of his designs had imagined a counteracting device.

The tolling of an enormous bell struck upon the ears of Vivencio! He started. He beat but once. The sound was so close and stunning, that it seemed to shatter his very brain, while it echoed through the rocky passage like thunder. This was followed by a sudden crash of the roof and walls, as if they were about to fall upon and close around him at once. Vivencio screamed, and instinctively spread forth his arms, as though he had a giant's strength to hold them back. They had moved nearer to him, and were now motionless. Vivencio looked up and saw the roof almost touching his head, even as he sat cowering beneath it; and he felt that a further contraction of a few inches only must commence the frightful operation. Roused as he had been, he now gasped for breath. His body shook violently—he was bent nearly double. His hands were upon either wall, and his feet were drawn under him to avoid the pressure in front.

Thus he remained for more than an hour, when that deafening bell beat again, and there came the crash of horrid death. But the concussion now so great that it struck Vivencio down. As he lay gathered up in lessened bulk, the bell beat loud and frequent—crash succeeded crash—and on, and on came the mysterious engine, till Vivencio's smothered groans were heard no more! He was horribly crushed by the ponderous roof, and his body collapsed—his flattened body was his Iron Shroud.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, March 2, 1843.

Sir: I have the honor to transmit to you the copy of a resolve of the Legislature of Maine, recently addressed to the President by the Executive of that State, relative to certain proceedings of the Government of New Brunswick, supposed to be in contravention of the terms of the treaty of 9th August last, between the United States and Great Britain.

Will you do me the favor to communicate to this Department such information on the subject as you may possess, or may be able hereafter to obtain from the Provincial Government, in explanation of the proceedings referred to?

I avail myself, &c. &c.

DANIEL WEBSTER.
HENRY S. FOX, Esq. &c. &c. &c.

STATE OF MAINE.

Resolved in relation to bonds or securities that were to be surrendered by Great Britain to the State of Maine and Massachusetts under the late Treaty.

Resolved, That the Governor be requested to inform the President of the United States that the Government of the Province of New Brunswick are attempting to collect from citizens of this State and others, bonds belonging to the "disputed territory fund," so called, which were given for lumber cut under permits from the States of Maine and Massachusetts, in contravention of the Treaty of Washington; and request the President to remonstrate with the British Minister against said proceeding, and to insist on the stipulation of the treaty, which provides that any bonds or securities appertaining thereto (the disputed territory fund) shall be paid and delivered over to the Government of the United States; and to take such measures relating to the matter as to him may seem fit to cause the treaty stipulations to be carried into effect, that the citizens of this State may be saved any further aggravation from that source.

In the House of Representatives, February 17, 1843. Read and passed.

DAVID DUNN, Speaker.

In Senate, February 17, 1843. Read and passed.

EDWARD KAVANAGH, President.

February 17, 1843. Approved.

JOHN FAIRFIELD.

A true copy, Attest:

PHILIP C. JOHNSON, Secretary of State.

WASHINGTON, March 4, 1843.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, enclosing certain resolutions recently passed by the Legislature of the State of Maine, with respect to the management of the disputed territory fund. I am not at present in possession of any information upon the subject to which these resolutions refer; but I shall immediately forward your communication to the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, and will acquaint you with his Excellency's reply. I shall also transmit the correspondence to her Majesty's Government in England.

With regard to the form of the resolutions themselves, as you make no observation thereupon in your letter, I hope I am justified in believing that you disapprove, equally with myself, of the unbecoming and disrespectful language in which they are drawn up.

I avail myself, &c. &c.

H. S. FOX.
The Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, &c. &c.

WASHINGTON, March 31, 1843.

Sir: With reference to your letter of the 2d instant, conveying to me certain resolutions passed by the Legislature of the State of Maine, upon the subject of bonds belonging to the disputed territory fund, which letter was referred by me for information to the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, I have now to acquaint you that the Lieutenant Governor informs me that, so long ago as October last, upon receiving intelligence from Lord Ashburton of the signature of the Treaty of Washington, he had issued orders to the Attorney General of the Province to suspend all proceedings upon the bonds in question. The Attorney General reports officially that the above orders have been duly obeyed. It appears, therefore, that the resolutions of the Maine Legislature cannot have been grounded upon an accurate statement of facts. I avail myself of this occasion to renew to you the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

H. S. FOX.

The Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, &c. &c.

DISPUTED TERRITORY FUND.—Upon our first page will be found the recent correspondence between Mr. Webster and Mr. Fox, the British Minister at Washington, called forth by a resolve passed by the Legislature of Maine at its late session, in relation to the alleged continuance of the provincial authorities to enforce the collection of the bonds and securities belonging to the disputed territory, and in contravention of the late treaty.

It will be seen by the second letter, that Mr. Fox, on the authority of the Lt. Governor of New Brunswick, states that since October last all proceedings by the Provincial Government on the bonds in question, have been suspended.

In the first letter, Mr. Fox complains to Mr. Webster of the "unbecoming and disrespectful language" in which the Resolve of our Legislature is drawn up;—and, because Mr. Webster fails to make the same complaint, he therefore concludes that Mr. Webster equally with himself, disapproves of it in this respect! If the failure of Mr. Webster to complain, is to be taken as a disapproval of the language of the Resolve, certainly, the actual complaint of Mr. Fox must be taken as an approval of it. But be this as it may, we are actually unable to perceive any thing, either in the "form" or the "language" of the Resolves, at which either the British minister or the American Secretary, could reasonably take umbrage. Certain we are, that the Legislature of Maine never dreamt that the language of the Resolve would excite any thing like official disapprobation, foreign or domestic. And we can safely vouch, that in the passage of the Resolve, undiplomatic though it may be in language, no indecorum whatever was intended towards Mr. Webster, the British Minister at Washington, or to "Her Majesty's Government in England," whether it is threatened to be sent. The Legislature only designed to represent to the General Government, for the purpose of alleviation, a grievance under which they believed to be suffering; and this was done in plain, direct, forcible, and perhaps, blunt language. If be not very court-like, we trust those aggrieved at it, can find some little extenuation for its use, originating in the desire to retain unmolested what little the State received under the treaty for territory surrendered up. And, seriously, we think that a State, which has sacrificed so much for the harmony of "two great nations," ought to be indulged in a little latitude of remark; and we hope, that Mr. Fox upon further reflection, (as well as Mr. Webster, should be effected in like manner) will, in view of all these circumstances pardon something to "past services."

We know not upon what facts or information the resolve of the Legislature was predicated; but presume they did not act without sufficient grounds for so doing. Notwithstanding the fact the provincial authorities represent that all interference on their part with the securities referred to has ceased, we are led to entertain a different opinion, from the fact, that they continue to exercise jurisdiction in other respects over the territory yielded up by the treaty, in violation of its stipulations. We refer to the case of Savage, arrested on the territory in question, by the provincial authorities, in reference to which a correspondence has taken place between Mr. Webster and Mr. Fox, to be found in another part of to-day's paper—Augusta Age.

A FIGHT IN THE PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE. A MAN STABBED ON THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE.

HARRISBURG, April 8.

The House of Representatives has been the theatre of a sanguinary and bloody affray. A fight occurred to the right of the Speaker's chair, between Edward McGowan, a member from the county of Philadelphia, and John B. Bratton, editor of the "State Capital Gazette."

The cause of the affray was an offensive article in this morning's Gazette, reflecting on Mr. McGowan.

The Gazette was laid upon the desks of members a little after ten o'clock, and the article above given was shown to Mr. McGowan soon after. About the time the paper was shown to McGowan, Mr. Bratton, the publisher, came into the Hall, and walked to the fire, at the right of the Speaker. As soon as Mr. McGowan saw him he walked to him, pointed out the offensive article and asked if he was the author. Mr. Bratton said he was. Mr. McGowan then spit at him and gave him a blow.

The blow was returned, and after one or two passes, Mr. McGowan stepped back picked up a chair, and struck Mr. B. over the head. Bratton grasped the chair as it hit him, and a short scuffle ensued, when it dropped between them. Bratton stunned by the blow, attempted to raise the chair, when McGowan drew a small Spanish dirk, and made towards him. At this time a member sitting near, called out "he has got a knife!" Bratton seeing the knife, and being unable to defend himself, retreated behind the Speaker's chair, and was followed by McGowan, who stabbed him in the shoulder just as they got behind the desk or House Post Office.

As they emerged from the other side into the open hall, Mr. T. J. Miles threw himself between them, and immediately McGowan was seized by

several members. Bratton, went to the dressing room, washed the blood from his face and went to his dwelling in Chestnut street.

On examination, it was found that the dirk had struck the shoulder blade, slightly shattered the bone, and was itself very much bent by the force of the blow. If it had struck two inches lower, it would have taken his life on the spot.

Mr. McGowan was arrested about 12 o'clock, while the House was still in session, he having surrendered himself, and was bound over in bonds of \$1000, by Justice Snyder, to appear at the next Court of Sessions in this county. Mr. Bratton, though not dangerously injured is confined to his bed.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 18, 1843.

The great "bought up" "personal Identity" sneeringly said a short time since, that Van Buren's prospects were somewhat dimmed because the "Clarion" said he (Van Buren) was not his first choice. The Clarion is so reckless as to say that he shall express his candid opinion on this point in spite of the intimidation or ridicule of some would be leaders. Have a care, Mr. Clarion, how you talk when you are in the vicinity of explosives.

We would take occasion to say that Mr. Van Buren, although we have an exalted view of him as a Statesman and Patriot, is not our first choice for President. This may dim his prospects still more in the estimation of some folks. Wonder if that caucus at Augusta dimmed his prospects any? In towns it is often said that if such a man takes sides on a question, or comes out in favor of any particular candidate, that candidate, or question, is sure to be defeated. We look upon Van Buren's prospects in this light, after knowing the opinion of certain would-be leaders.

The right way to support a Newspaper.—The following remarks are from the Portland American. "They are the truth—the whole truth and nothing but the truth." Words fitly spoken, are like apples of gold and pictures of silver. These are just such words. They may be applied to other business as well as that of an Editor.

"Much depends upon the supporters of a newspaper whether it is conducted with spirit and interest—if they are neglected in their payment, the pride and ambition of the editor is broken down—he works at a thankless and unprofitable task—becomes discouraged and careless—his paper loses its pith and interest and dies. But on the contrary, if subscribers are of the right sort, if they are punctual liberal hearted fellows, always in advance on the subscription list, taking an interest in increasing the number of his subscribers, now and then speaking a good word for his paper; cheering him on his course by smiles of approbation; with such subscribers as these, I would forewear comfort, ease leisure, everything that could possibly step between me and the gratification of every honorable desire on their part. I would know no other pleasure but their satisfaction. How much then can the supporters of a newspaper do, to make it interesting and respectable—indeed, without concurring efforts on their part, the editor of a paper will not, cannot bestow the attention which is necessary to make it what it should be.—Anon."

City Government of Portland.—The city government is Whig. By a coalition of Democrats, Whigs and temperance men, this result was effected. This being the case the Advertiser has been complaining because some Democrats have received some appointments to office; and undertakes to find fault with the authorities for having deserted their friends. The secret of this complaining is all exposed in the fact that the Advertiser did not receive the City printing. The American makes the following remarks among others which are worthy attention, not only on this but on other occasions.

"We have no interest in this matter. We never entered into any of these coalitions ourselves and never expect to. We always think it best to go the straight democratic ticket. But though the usage is one we revere and follow, yet we have no anathemas for those who on minor questions deem it their duty to coalesce. Conscience is above party. The doctrine of regular nominations is important to the success of our principles—but it is not an iron chain to bind down the souls, and bodies, and wills of freemen. If Democrats on mere local matters, choose to disregard the expressed voice of the party in caucus, we are sorry for it, but have no guillotine for their heads. But if they turn traitors to democracy, as did F. O. J. Smith, et al. onne, we then can have no political fellowship with them."

We cut the following from the Waldo Signal. (Whig) It gives a Biography of the only Whig member in the Senate last winter. This accounts for his dismissal from the Senate so soon after it had convened.

MORE BIOGRAPHY OF MAINE SENATORS.—The following incident, from a Boston paper, was omitted in the glowing accounts of the Senate of Maine which has lately appeared before the people. Mr. Smart, you should be more particular when engaged in writing the lives, heights, length, breadth and circumference of the "Senators of the State."

"It is said that a Senator in Maine, on arriving at Augusta, by mistake went to the arsenal instead of the State House, and on demanding his seat, was required to sign the books of the establishment, when he found himself enlisted in the army for seven years."

Religious Meeting.—A religious meeting was held at this place during most of the time last week. A correspondent, who attended, says,—"It was one of great interest—and of deep religious feeling. Many made a public profession and expressed a determination to follow the precepts and believe and lay hold of the promises of a Saviour."

The Portland American says—"The Oxford Democrat thinks that 'Brother Kingsbury is likely to be a believer in Mesmerism.' Well, why not, if it should increase the molasses trade? Besides it would be a capital electioneering agent. We could catch the whigs as they are going to the polls, look them in the eye and manipulate them a bit, and then tell them to vote the democratic ticket. Don't you see, my dear boy?"

Al, yes, we see it all now. A pious plan truly, to set the coons a napping.

'A settin' on a rail.'

When a man stops his weekly newspaper on account of pecuniary forebodings, we consider him about as gone a case as if he should conclude to stop his daily bread, for fear he should come to poverty. In either event, he must starve to death in order to live independently.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

THE TRIUMPH RENDERED CERTAIN!

The Boston Post of Saturday contains returns from all the towns in the state but three, which show a majority for Gov. Cleveland over all others of two hundred and fifty-five. As the three towns not heard from—Sheridan, Warren, and Union—last year gave 76 majority for the democratic ticket, there can be no doubt of Mr. Cleveland's election by the people.

Last year the majority against Cleveland was 125. The Hartford Times gives the names of the representatives elected in 131 towns—99 are democrats, and 74 federalists—democratic majority 25.

Sixteen democrats and five federalists are elected to the Senate.

The democratic candidates for Congress are elected in all the Districts—a gain of four members! The names of the successful candidates are Thomas H. Seymour, John Stewart, George S. Catlin, Samuel Simons.

New York Election! Democracy Triumphant!!—The Election in the city of New York has resulted in the choice of Robert H. Morris, the democratic candidate for the Mayoralty, by a majority of near 6000! The Democrats have a decided majority in both branches of the common Council. Morris' maj. in the city, 5765.

The democratic majority is larger than it has been before for many years.

Albany Election.—The municipal election, took place in Albany on Tuesday. Mr. Humphrey, the whig candidate, was elected mayor by 205 majority. The whig majority in the city at the last November election was 553. The whigs at that time carried six of the ten wards; now they carry but five.

Hudson Election.—In the city of Hudson, N. Y., the democrats have elected their candidate for mayor by 25 majority.

Brooklyn.—The democrats have elected their Mayor by a majority of about 200. The whigs have a majority in the Common Council.

Munroe Edwards. This notorious forger attempted to make his escape from Sing Sing prison, New York, a short time since. He concealed himself in a drawer or box, having some crackers and cigars with him—enough it was thought to hold out several days. The following was the result of the attempt:—

Munroe Edwards.—The day after the great financier was hauled out of the "box," in which he had ensconced himself, was tied to a whipping post and received some fifty lashes on the bare back with a cat o' nine tails laid on with much emphasis by one of the stoutheart keepers.

We perceive that some of our contemporaries are making merry over this; but we cannot sympathize with them. It is not only an unmanly punishment; but brutal. What good will that whipping do Edwards? Will it prevent his making another effort to escape? Will it make a better man of him?

With this number we send our subscriber the public Laws passed at the last session of the Legislature, printed on an extra sheet.

WHAT DEMOCRATS SHOULD REMEMBER.—Every Democrat, says the New York Plebian, should remember that his principles properly understood, must always be those of the great mass of mankind, and that while the friends of equal rights are true to themselves they can never be defeated. What those who live by governing the people lack in numbers, they make up in strategy, and by their maxims, the maxims of all tyrants, "divide and conquer," a minority too often prevails over a majority.

The cause of popular rights has always advanced hand in hand with that of popular intelligence. With a fair issue and a united party, we can never be defeated. Disunion, is therefore treachery; and all else, that we have to fear, is that people should mistake hard cider for solid arguments, and log cabins for popular principles.

Movements of Daniel Webster. The New York Herald of Wednesday says that Mr. Webster arrived in Philadelphia last Monday, and was expected there in a day or two.

It is generally surmised that Mr. Webster will not return to Washington, having signified his intention to resign the State Department next month. He will probably make up his mind in New York.

Tribute to Mackenzie.—It is said that several ladies and gentlemen of Baltimore have in contemplation to present to Commander Mackenzie, of the U. S. Navy, a pair of gold epaulettes, as a tribute of respect for his firmness and ability as an officer, and his character as a man.

New Paper.—A new paper has been established in Bangor, called the Mercury. It is neutral in politics and religion. We have not seen it, but it is extolled by some of the brethren of the quill.

Com. Mackenzie Acquitted.—On the several charges, 1st. Of murder on the high seas, on board of a U. S. vessel, 2d. Of oppression, 3d. Of illegal punishment, together with the specifications thereunder, the finding of the Court was "not proved."

Under the 4th charge, of conduct unbecoming an officer, which was waived by the Judge Advocate, the Court took no action.

Under the 5th charge, of cruelty and oppression, the specification, viz:—In that he habitually inflicted cruel and unnecessary punishment upon his crew, was waived by the Judge Advocate, as being too vague. "As far as evidence was offered under the 6th charge, the Court do find no proof of mistreatment of the crew of the Somers generally by Com. Mackenzie, nor of individual mistreatment, and therefore find it not proved."

"The Court do therefore HONORABLY acquit Commander ALEXANDER S. MACKENZIE of all the charges and specifications preferred against him by the Secretary of the navy."

The finding of the Court has been approved by the President.

Kentucky.—Col. R. M. Johnson is a candidate for congress, in opposition to Hon. Garrett Davis in the Lexington district.

For the Democrat.

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

If it were proper, I should like to preach a sermon from this text; but it is not proper, I therefore only give an exhortation. Solomon never would have said "train up a child in the way he should go," if it had been impossible to do so. A man of wisdom never would have uttered a deliberate opinion on any subject, and especially one so important as that of family government, unless it had been susceptible of practical demonstration.

In looking about me at times as I pass the streets or enter the house of worship, I have often doubted the practicability of this precept. For instead of seeing the young behave as if they were trained in the way they should go, they act as if they were not trained at all. Many of them, not all, are insensible of their duties as children. They are noisy in the streets—noisy at meeting—noisy at singing school—noisy at every place you find them. At meeting they are constantly whispering—changing position—laughing—playing, or shuffling the leaves of a book, &c. If they are called upon to be still, they pay no attention to it; and it is nothing very strange to see some of them do the worse for a slight rebuke and a kind request to behave better.

Children suffered to grow up in this manner with these bad habits, and many others which might be named, will not, even at later and riper years, forget them; nor even when they are old depart from them. In this manner they are made insubordinate citizens, faithless companions, dishonest, ignorant, unworthy and unprofitable.

There must be a reform in this matter. Family government must be restored—must be held sacred. Parents must be obeyed. They must grasp the reins of household government and cause all minors to submit to every virtuous and wholesome exercise of authority. No misdeeds and acts of insubordination should go unrebuked or unpunished. It is love and mercy to punish a child for vicious conduct, when it is known that a persistence in such conduct would lead to the destruction of all correct morality. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," is not the best way. Too much whipping is as bad as too little. Both these extremes are to be avoided. I do not approve of corporal punishment and am perfectly convinced that it would be necessary in no case, if the child had been properly dealt by at all times. But children are not so dealt by, and therefore it sometimes becomes necessary not to "spare the rod." At any rate there should be family government. Come what may, there should be parental authority. Authority that would direct the child to courses of honesty, sobriety, politeness, obedience and kindness, while at the same time it forced him to abandon everything of an opposite tendency.

The safety of our great fabric of freedom depends entirely on the virtue and intelligence of the people. The children now coming up will shortly be the people. They are already the people in embryo. From this fact how extremely important and necessary it is that parents and guardians should "Train up their children in the way they should go that when they are old they may not depart from it."

A LOVER OF ORDER.

Singing in Common Schools.—The School committee of Portland, speaking of the introduction of singing into the schools of that city, say:—"The recent examination, has shown that the scholars may devote sufficient attention to the study of Music, to enable them to sing with propriety and effect, without detriment to their other studies. Indeed, where they excelled in Music they generally manifested the greatest proficiency in other exercises, particularly in reading. It is the concurrent testimony of many of the Teachers, and others who have considered the subject, that the exercise of Singing is an efficient auxiliary to Reading; and that by strengthening and modulating the tones of the voice, Singing gives beauty and effect to that rare accomplishment, good Reading."

The Asylum Journal, published, printed, and edited by the crazy men of the Vermont Lunatic Asylum, gives the following:—

Miller's Prophecy Fulfilled.—A person proclaiming himself to be the Messiah, and now making his second appearance among men, was brought to this institution a few days since, bound hand and foot, and accompanied by three stout Pharisic looking fellows. As a proof of his authority, he mentions that during his first advent, the people said—"He hath a devil, and is mad," and now they say the same and have put him into an insane asylum. He declares Miller to be correct in predicting his second coming at this time, but that he is incorrect in predicting the destruction of the world by fire at present. He proclaims that he is going to judge all according to the deeds done in the body, and will take the saints with him into glory; but leave the rest to their own destruction. It must be some consolation to him to be surrounded by so many of his followers, for fourteen were already here, having been so persecuted by their friends as to be placed in a lunatic asylum, under the pretence of insanity.

The Boundary Treaty.—The New York Journal of Commerce says it is happy to announce that evidence of an important and conclusive character in regard to the views of the commissioners who negotiated the Treaty of 1783, on the subject of the North Eastern Boundary, has recently been discovered, and will soon be made known to the public. At present we are only at liberty to say, that it fully sustains the American claim.

Walter A. Bryant, Esq. the editor of the Barre Gazette, at the recent town meeting in Barre was appointed to the office of first field driver for the first ward, and in his last paper returns thanks for the honor done him as follows:—

"We acknowledge the compliment paid to us by the promotion from the hind-captaincy to the captain-generalship of the board. It shows that the experience of those who have elected us has led them to appreciate our ability to drive swine and such."

VERY LATE FROM CHINA—TERRIBLE RIOTS AT CANTON.

Ship Delhi, Captain Cole, has just arrived from Canton. We have received by her the "Press" and "Reporter" to the 17th of December inclusive.

The U. S. frigate Constellation, Com. Kearney, was at Macao on the 17th December.

There were no less than eighteen American merchant ships in the Chinese waters on the 20th of December when the Delhi sailed.

There had been a terrible riot at Canton. The whole population seemed to have turned to mob the foreigners. It is really a terrible affair.

It appears that the Chinese massacred one hundred souls on board the Nebudda before reported lost on their coast. It was one of the most horrible and cold blooded massacres we ever remember to have read.

Sir Henry Pottinger had issued several threatening proclamations to the Celestials.

The only resistance made to the Chinese in Canton was by the English and Americans.

The English flag staff was first fired and burned. Straws tell which way the wind blows.

It seems inevitable from the news that there will soon be a renewal of the trouble between the Chinese and English, and perchance all foreigners.

The authorities at Canton disclaimed all participation in the riots. They offered every apology and promised to pay for all damage done.

[New York Herald.]

More Washington Gossip.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Express, under date of April 3, says:

"The difficulties relative to the Cabinet are not at an end. They have only ceased for the moment to operate, but the affair of the Somers will no doubt renew, not to say increase the previous excitement. It is the opinion of those best informed as to the present state of things that the ultimate result will either be the resignation of Mr. Wickliffe, Mr. Upshur, and Mr. Webster, or that Mr. Spencer will retire,—the latter event being the least probable of the two. The retirement of Mr. Webster could not, perhaps, be from the same cause as that of the other Secretaries, although the state of things might contribute to hasten his decision."

A CHRISTIAN ARGUMENT. It is related of the good Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, that conversing once with a person on the criminal laws of France, and expressing disapprobation at the number of executions which had taken place, his friend remarked, in opposition to the argument of the Archbishop, that these men, convicted of heinous crimes, were unworthy to live.

"Ah, my friend," replied Fenelon, "you do not reflect, that they are still more worthy to die."

We are surprised that clergymen who advocate the doctrine of capital punishment do not take that thought into consideration. If they gave it calm and solemn reflection, we are inclined to think they would not be in so much of a hurry to get offending sinners out of time.

EXERCISES IN WAYNE.—There has been great excitement in Wayne this week, occasioned by the death of a young woman, a stranger, who had been boarding at Mr. Ross' hotel in that place for a week or two. She died on Sunday last, and certain circumstances connected with the mode of her coming there and death, she being supposed to have been in a "delicate situation," induced the citizens of that place to have a Coroner's inquest taken upon the body.

A post mortem examination was made by Drs. Carey, Megquier and Holmes, and from the appearances and evidence thus exhibited, the Jury gave the following verdict, viz:—that the deceased came to her death by violence at the hands of some person or persons to them unknown on the 20th of April instant, the violence having been used some time previous to her death." Her name was said to be Anne Elder, and it was also said she belonged in Gray.—Maine Farmer.

A REFRIGERANT COON. A Mr. Williams, of Connecticut, makes his recantation of Whiggery as follows:—

"I have come forward to tell you, my friends, that I am no longer a COON! [Loud laughter and cheers.] I have been one long enough! [Cheers.] I was born a true Democrat, but by some cause became transplanted in the whig soil. But they watered me with HARD CIDER, [loud laughter] which did not agree with my constitution! [Cheers.] One of my Coon friends, supposing that I was a Coon still, came to me the other day and notified me very privately that a meeting of choice spirits was to be held at a certain well known whig lawyer's office. I suppose you will be on hand, wont you? I told him I rather thought I should be a Coon no longer! I intended to vote the DEMOCRATIC TICKET! [Great applause.] The fellow's lower jaw fell as much as four inches! [loud laughter and cheering.] Yes, my friends I feel once more at home; I am with you, and hope to continue so, the remainder of my life! [Tremendous applause.]

Good News for Mechanics.—The editor of the Boston Bulletin has been informed by a contractor, that there will soon be a demand for all the unemployed masons, carpenters, &c. in that city; as contracts have been completed for erecting something like one hundred buildings during the next six months. This is an encouraging sign of the times, and we should like to see many more of the same import.

ARREST OF CAPT. MACKENZIE. Clark A. Wilson, the naval apprentice, has brought an action against Capt. Mackenzie; damages \$10,000. On the 5th inst. the Captain was arrested at his residence at Tarrytown, and held to bail for \$2000.

Revival in Rochester, N. Y. The Rochester Democrat states that more than 700 members have been added to the several churches in that city since the 1st of January.

A SONG FOR.—Why are Temperance Societies a bar to friendship? Because they prevent shaking hands.

MERCER ACQUITTED!—CHEERS AND ENTHUSIASM OF THE PEOPLE.

Woodbury, N. J. April 6, 1843.

The Hon. Garret D. Wall immediately after the opening of the Court rose and commenced the last argument on the part of the defence. In the first part of his peroration he alluded very strongly to the revolutionary services of the father, and stated that the son would rely upon the justice of a jury of husbands and fathers.

He then painted the situation of the Mercer family before the advent of Herberston, the father of the father of his revolutionary services to the children round the domestic fireside, and said that had the jury looked at that fireside, they might have seen here the prisoner and the young and innocent girl whose appearance before this Court had excited the pity and tears of all around.

He then pictured the change and the events that preceded the murder. He drew a vivid sketch of Miss Mercer's dishonor, of Herberston's duplicity, heartlessness and crime, and then painted the surprise, the horror of the brother listening to such a tale from the lips of a young and beloved sister, and pause to ask whether the killing of such a brute was murder.

He then went on to say that he deemed the finger of Providence was in the whole affair; that it winged the ball to that heart which had occasioned all this misery, all this suffering.

Gen. Wall continued on the ground of his insanity, from this point, and terminated his eloquent and pathetic address at 10 minutes past twelve o'clock.

The Hon. George P. Molleson next arose for the prosecution, and made a strong, bold, well digested speech.

Mr. Molleson finished his speech about four o'clock P. M. Judge Elmer then delivered his charge, which occupied about fifteen minutes. The Judge was ill, and did not touch much upon the evidence. He detailed merely the points of law, and was quite impartial.

At two minutes past five o'clock the jury retired, and twenty-eight minutes after returned into Court, amid the most intense excitement from the immense crowd now gathered around. Court opened while the bell was tolling above.

Mr. Carpenter rose and suggested on the part of the State, that whatever might be the result of the verdict, the crowd would preserve silence and respect the dignity of the Court.

Gov. Vroom rose and suggested the same, on the part of the defence.

The jury were then asked if they had agreed upon a verdict. The Foreman replied in the affirmative.

Clerk.—Is he guilty or not guilty?

Foreman.—NOT GUILTY!

The verdict was immediately received in loud cheers, in spite of the effort to keep order, and the prisoner was discharged.

The crowd followed Mercer to the prison cheering him all the way; and when there gave him nine enthusiastic cheers for his safe deliverance. He passed the night at the boarding house at Woodbury where his father and mother were staying, and returns to the city this morning. Guns were fired last evening in various directions throughout the district of Southwark, in rejoicement at his freedom. He deserves it all.

CONSETS.—The editor of the Baltimore Clipper says, "we hope our neighbor of the Republican is not among the followers of the corset fashion;" to which he of the Republican replies:—"The lessons taught us in our youth have enabled us thus far, thank Heaven, to walk straight through life without any adventitious aid; and as for appearances, editors of political newspapers are generally slim enough, without the aid of lacing, and often find themselves in 'tight squeeze' in opposition to their free will and consent. As for the girls, if they will paint themselves away, although we consider such things unconstitutional, we will not attempt to nullify their wishes, or render the laws of fashion unstable. We shall rejoice, however, to see that day arrive when they will, like true Americans in feeling, burst the bonds that bind them."

A correspondence has taken place between the Secretary of State and the British minister at Washington concerning the "disputed territory fund." Mr. Fox complains that the resolve of the Maine Legislature relating to the matter is drawn up in "unbecoming and disrespectful language," but promises immediately to forward Mr. Webster's communication to the governor of New Brunswick, and to acquaint Mr. W. with his excellency's reply.

SNOW IN MAINE. Prof. Cleveland, of Bowdoin College, has ascertained by accurate measurement, that fifteen feet of snow have fallen in this State since the cold weather commenced.

NAVAL. Messrs. Upshur and Porter will, it is said, visit each Navy Yard and fortification in the Union, during the summer.

Another Warning. It seems that they have warnings of the 'final consummation of all things' in the South as well as at the North. A Cincinnati paper contains the following:—

"Mr. Daval, of Piqua, declared last evening, in the presence of a number of gentlemen that he heard an infant child only one hour old say, that on the fifteenth day of April this snow would fall fifteen feet deep, the same would turn to Oil and then take fire and destroy the world."

We should much prefer to see what snow we now have turned to—water.—L. Budget.

SETTLED AT LAST. An arrangement has at last been made, by the 'high contracting parties,' consisting of the Post Office Department on one part, by which we are to have two mails a day, except Sundays. It will arrive here at 1 and 9 P. M. and depart at 8 A. M. and 4-12 P. M.

Portland American.

The editor of the Boston Bulletin is dangerously ill from the injury he received from the fellow Wincheater. Why don't the press of that city speak out against the scoundrel? Is it because he is a man of wealth? We trust they have not yet to learn that the greatest villains always go in broadcloth.—Portland American.

The following was written by an officer of the army:—"This town is still in an uproar, expecting the rebels every hour. I am in a great hurry.—While I write you these few lines, I hold a pistol in each hand, and a sword in the other."

"You will see my face no more," as the young lady said when she covered her cheek with paint.

"I acknowledge I'm saved up," as the coat said to the tailor when he put the last stitch in it.

Gen. Jackson was quite unwell on the 24th ult.

MARRIED.

In this town, by Rev. C. B. Davis, Mr. John Cooper, Jr. to Miss Arvilla Monk.

In this town, by Rev. Mr. Ford, Mr. Orasmus Nute of Woodstock, to Miss Emma Stevens, of Norway.

DIED.

In Buckfield, 6th inst. of consumption, Thomas M. Bailey, aged 23 years.

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Oxford.

THE subscribers, citizens of Bridgton &c. respectfully represent that a petition from the Corporation of the town of Bridgton, in the County of York, Maine, to the County Commissioners, in relation to the Maine and New Hampshire line, in the town of Bridgton, Sweden and Lovell Villages, and from thence through Lovell, Usher, Stow, Fryeburg Academy Grant, and thence to the line between Maine and New Hampshire in the town of Shelburne, would be of great utility to the public generally, and they therefore pray that you will proceed to view and locate a road through said towns—to locate a road through such part of said route as your Honors may think practicable and expedient—and as in duty bound will pray, &c.

R. GRAM, & 30 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss:—At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris, within and for said County of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of December, 1842, by adjournment.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

50 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three.

ON the Petition of David Holt, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Ephraim Holt, late of Bridgton, in said County of Oxford, deceased, praying for License to sell all of the real estate of said deceased, for the payment of the debts of said deceased and incidental charges:

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It was Ordered, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

50 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three.

ON the Petition of David Holt, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Ephraim Holt, late of Bridgton, in said County of Oxford, deceased, praying for License to sell all of the real estate of said deceased, for the payment of the debts of said deceased and incidental charges:

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